

The Evening World.

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THE NOISE AT SYRACUSE.

WHILE the Colonel, under the stress of his controversy with Mr. Barnes, seems to be as full of ginger as ever, the country keeps notably calm.

Which goes to show we take our politics less seriously than formerly. The American sense of humor is undoubtedly responsible for the toleration of many political evils. But even this is better than that the nation should storm and tear its hair over disputes between individuals who happen to be prominent in its political life.

Suppose Henry Clay had sued Andrew Jackson for libel in a Supreme Court. What a tumult would have arisen over the moves, motives and manifestations of the contestants! States would have rocked from end to end with excitement and passion.

It is, indeed, a happy condition—one upon which the nation may congratulate itself—that the ferocity of political partisanship has been allayed, and that we can laugh impartially over the discomforts of the agile gentleman who could repel Mr. Barnes with one hand while reaching for the potent palm of Mr. Platt with the other.

The refusal to part with its freedom of speech has lost Harvard the esteem of Prof. Kuno Meyer of Berlin. Freedom of speech is a commodity widely distributed on these shores. Did the Professor come over to corner it?

A PRESS OF MURDER CASES.

BY THE ACTION of the Appellate Division designating three courts in New York County to try murder cases exclusively during May, the city is again reminded of the extraordinary frequency of the crime of homicide in its area.

Forty-seven persons in the Tombs or out on bail are under indictment for murder or manslaughter. Thirty-five are charged with murder in the first degree. The District Attorney has ten more cases to present to the Grand Jury. If the calendar is to be cleared by the end of May the three murder courts will each have to dispose of an average of one case every court day.

Fifty-one persons have been murdered in New York since the beginning of the year. In seventeen cases no arrests were made; in four, persons detained were discharged.

To mention only three cases widely discussed: The gangsters that shot Raff are still at large. The murderer of five-year-old Leonore Cohn is still at large. Hanel, the slayer of Mrs. Heiner, is still at large.

In the last named and most recent case the known murderer was pursued by the most elaborately organized search in the history of the Police Department. He is still uncaught.

Neither police nor courts can seem to catch up with the homicide habit in New York.

Sing Sing's removal is now indefinitely postponed.—Dispatch from Albany.
Nothing sticks like an old stain.

DEMAND LOWER BUS FARES.

NEW bus routes in Manhattan, covering twenty-three miles of streets north of Fourteenth Street and including eight cross-town lines, are at last fixed by the Franchise Committee of the Board of Estimate, which has been dallying with the job for two years. Bus companies are asked to have their bids in by June 1, and are allowed to propose modifications of the conditions imposed upon them by the franchise.

Despite the long obstructive campaign carried on by the New York Railways Company, its ally the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which now monopolizes and restricts bus facilities in Manhattan, finds itself forced to reckon with competitors for new business.

One clause of the proposed franchise—that which provides that the bus company shall clear snow and ice from the streets it uses—is ill advised. The city has no right to trade off its responsibility for street cleaning.

Better for the interests of the public would be a fundamental provision that all bus companies shall operate under a five-cent fare or fares graded according to distance. In no other city in the world are bus rates for moderate distances as high as those maintained by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. A charge of ten cents to ride ten blocks is preposterous.

Temperature tricky.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A man will pay a whole lot for a bunch of experience and then fail to appreciate it.

Truth may not be stranger than fiction, but it's a great deal slier.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The man fond of exercise is never able to believe that beating the rug is exercise.—Baltimore American.

The man who is a good fellow at home doesn't have to care what the gang downtown think of him.—Toledo Blade.

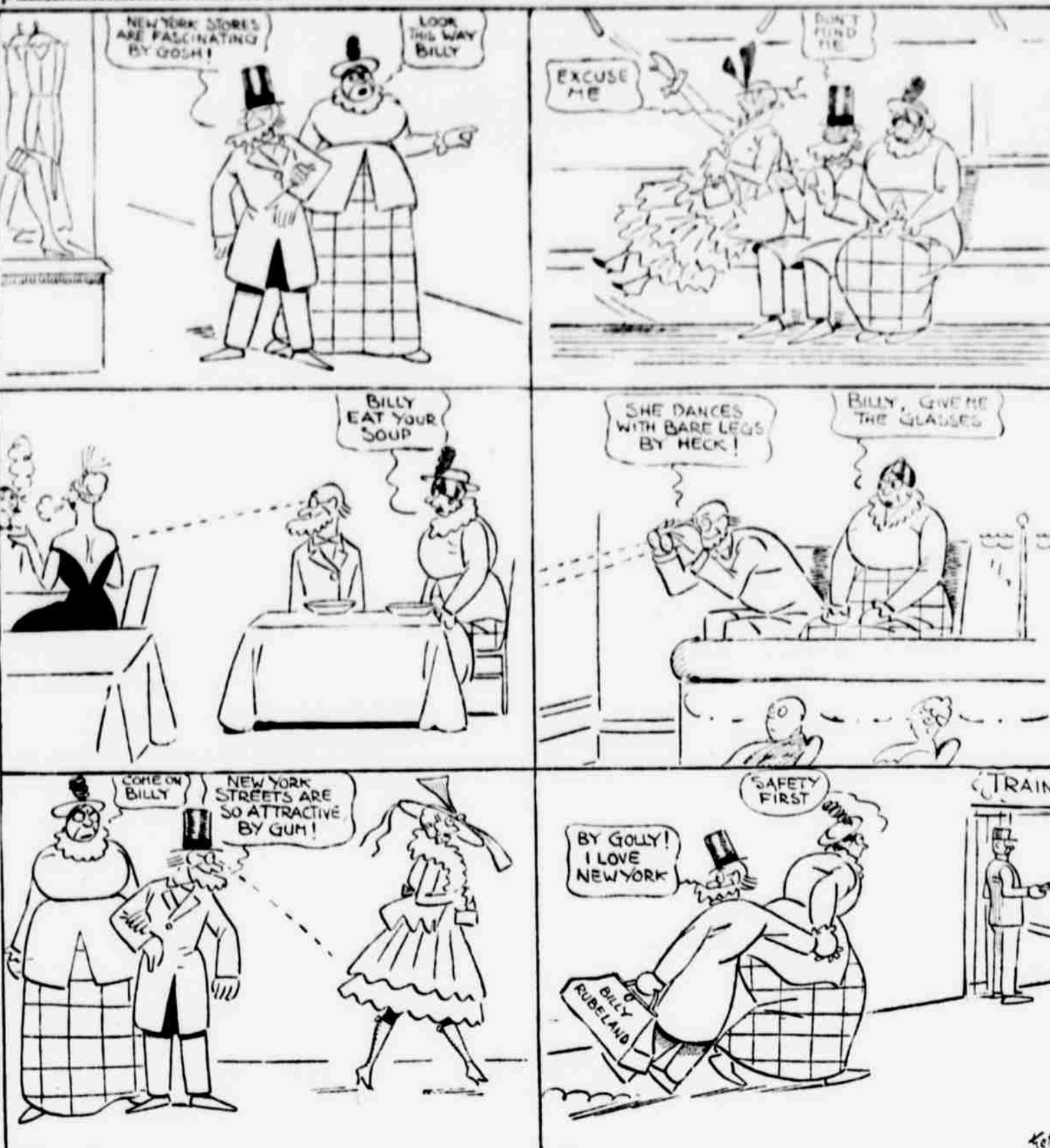
Letters From the People

The Boxing Commission.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
A year ago if any astute politician had suggested to the Legislature of this State an act which would pay salaries in the sum of \$12,000, and, in addition thereto, expenses to the so-called Boxing Commission, I think there would have been a cyclonic protest from the rocky shores of Lake Erie to the white sands of Montauk Point. But owing to the tremendous amount of bloodshed in Europe and the destruction of life at the front, in colossal numbers, we in New York have accustomed ourselves to brutal-

ity, and all the horrors of war; and as the generals and soldiers at the front who are seeking each other's throats are paid by their countries, why should not the new boxing commissioners be paid a vast salary? Of course, we have no actual shooting or actual battles in the Empire State, but, with the added expenditures of \$12,000, some may think we have a right to assume that the battlefields of Europe will look like a gentle stream winding its way through a peaceful valley compared to the raging torrent which smashes over Niagara Falls.

In New York

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN Miss Irene Cackberry left her happy home in Philadelphia, she received the news that her sweet sister Gladys was engaged to Mr. Jack Silver and intended to remain as a visitor at the Jarr domicile in Harlem when she was overcome with joy.

At least that was what her mother hastened to write to Mrs. Jarr. But when the stepfather of both the Misses Cackberry—the engaged Gladys in New York and the unmarried Irene in Philadelphia—met Mr. Jarr's report was that "Irene throw a fit."

Mr. Blodger, the Cackberry girl's stepfather, was in New York on important matters connected with the propaganda of the Society of Sagacious Snakes, or Married Men's Protective Association, whose motto is "No Squaw Rule!" and whose constant watchword is: "His, Brothers, Hiss and Rattle!"

Mr. Bernard Blodger, King Snake of the Society of Sagacious Snakes, Philadelphia, Den, always found important matters connected with sagacious snakedom called him to New York when the Philadelphia League team was scheduled to play the Giants.

Mr. Blodger also confided to Mr. Jarr that he wanted to give "this poor boob, Silver, the once over and to see if he'd stand for a touch."

But Mrs. Jarr, learning of Mr. Blodger's presence in the city, coincided strongly with Miss Gladys Cackberry when she said, "If that big loofer, my step-paw, comes around before I am safely married to my darling Jack, I'll scratch his face!"

So Mr. Bernard Blodger was warned to keep away from the Jarr domicile under penalty of cutaneous laceration.

Miss Irene Cackberry was at home in Philadelphia and her sister Gladys was visiting Mrs. Jarr in Harlem, forging the fateful matrimony for Mr. Jack Silver, once again an eligible bachelor, because once again fortune, so far as money was concerned, had smiled upon him.

The Misses Cackberry, then both visiting Mrs. Jarr, had not smiled upon Mr. Silver till fortune did so, for the second time, as said. Then they smiled so sweetly on Mr. Silver and scowled so dreadfully at each other that Mrs. Jarr had compelled them to draw lots for the prospective wive.

The plump Miss Gladys Cackberry had won in drawing the lots. Under the terms of the appeal to chance, Miss Irene had returned to her home,

leaving the field to the fortunate Miss Gladys.

Both the Misses Cackberry had intended to marry Mr. Silver, aided and abetted by Mrs. Jarr, while Mr. Silver had never intended to marry either of them.

Mrs. Jarr had no grudge against Mr. Silver. She wished him no harm, but it is not in the nature of any married woman to permit an innocent bachelor to escape.

So Miss Gladys Cackberry had sprung the trap and Jack Silver was captive, and her sister Irene, in Philadelphia, had "thrown a fit" when she heard the to-be-expected happy tidings.

"Don't be a fool, Irene!" her mother counseled. "Keep in with your sister if she's going to be married and live happy ever after, for she will live in New York, of course. As Mr. Silver is rich again, it will be a nice place to visit, and we can cut the Jarrs. Anyway, one marriage brings on another, and now that Mr. Silver is wealthy again, his rich friends will all rally around him once more. And if you aren't on the outs with your sister, who knows but what you might become engaged to the best man, right after the wedding? At such times young men forget all the cynical things preached to them about unhappy married lives, and have often been known to propose to the bridesmaid, just for the romance of it. I have known lots of such cases."

Pressed by her daughter to cite one case of the many Mrs. Blodger could not specifically remember one, but again she advised her daughter not to be spiteful and to keep in with her more fortunate sister.

"Instead of buying a new hat with that money I gave you, you should go right to the florist's and buy a nice box of roses and send them to your sister, as a fond remembrance of her happy engagement," added Mrs. Blodger. "If you go to the greenhouses on the outskirts of the city you can get fresh roses for half what it would cost you at a florist's shop. At such a time you must be generous in thought and deed!"

So Wags the World by Clarence L. Cullen

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EXPERIENCES THAT HAVE NOT HELPED US: On the same day, not long ago, when the first morning mail brought us three magazine stories that had been rejected by inhumanly talented magazine editors, we had to gaze with envy and perturbation at a literary supplement's pictures of a cluster of beautiful mansions, chalets, bungalows and the like, scattered from Pompton to Pasadena, that had been built by magazine writers from the earnings of their pens.

Our idea of being adrift in the Gulf of Gloom is to have to listen throughout a protracted lunch hour to what the fellows just back from the San Francisco Exposition HAVE to tell us about the near-naughty experiences they had in the Joy Zone, which is modernized for the old Midways.

We are acquainted with a man in Scranton who hasn't touched a card since he promised his wife he wouldn't, some years ago. Two days after having made the solemn promise our acquaintance had both of his arms cut off in a trolley accident, and, after having thought for a while of learning how to rifle a deck with his toes, he abandoned that idea from motives of delicacy.

During the long, bleak winter months the girls wear their neckpieces so low, right on the street and on the bitterest days, that it made a swaddled-up male's teeth chatter to look at 'em. But now, when the sizzling days are dropping in, the game calls for them to drape their necks above their ears, and they're playing the game with all of their well-known enthusiasm. Which incites William Marion Keedy of St. Louis to suggest that the real backward-performing Chinese of the Occident are Caucasian members of the female sex.

When women laced their shoes in front, the gay blade we designate as a snicker about him could start a neat tableau both for himself and the girl by gracefully stooping down and retrieving a lace that had become loose. But the gallantest Chestfield alive, we've observed already, makes a rough-stuff, boobish, sort-o'-clerkish figure of it, when he stoops at the rear to retrieve the lacing when the lace of the girl who wears the laced-at-the-back kind.

The war in Europe makes this a singularly flourishing season for the Kidful Editorials who like to make themselves and others believe that "New York is the Great Summer Resort on Earth." Once in a while a Buyer from Pottawatomie, Kan., who comes here in August to buy goods for the winter trade really believes this when he is told so frequently enough.

Mrs. Jarr Again Proves Her Right To the Holy Title of "Matchmaker"

By Roy L. McCardell

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Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

WHY is it that a man never thinks he has tasted the cup of joy unless he has experienced it all over himself, as though it were his morning bath?

If it is true that souls come in colors, then most husbands must be the reincarnation of a Roman wash, judging from their blueness in the morning, their rosieness at night and their variegated moods at all times.

Yes, dearie, take care of the pennies—and your husband will take care of his motor car with the dollars.

Funny how a man will put out a fire and save ten human beings from burning to death and be less concerned and boastful about it than he is about catching a poor little two-pound bass.

Fame is a humorous lady, who places a laurel wreath on your head with one hand while she pins an April Fool sign on your back with the other.

Hanging onto a man's coat-tails when he is in love with another woman is about as safe and sane as hanging onto a collier's tail when he is chasing a butterfly.

If a girl could only live up to the verses a man writes about her before marriage she would be almost as supernaturally perfect as he expects her to be after marriage.

Why is it that when a woman says "I RESPECT my husband!" it somehow always makes us feel a little sorry for him?

The woman whom a man never forgets is the one who threw him over—just before he got tired.

Do You Go to Church? In Olden Days the Choice Was Church or Jail

WHILE the freedom of individual action on Sunday is still restricted in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and various statutes prescribe that what is lawful on other days of the week is illegal on the first day, only those who desire to do so of their own volition go to the churches. Compulsory attendance at religious services has not been enforced on this side of the Atlantic since the Colonial days, when the "blue laws" and other rigorous enactments were in effect. In England, however, the freedom to remain away from church on Sunday, unless some good excuse were forthcoming, was refused to attend divine services. One of the ten was a young man who had been convicted at the instigation

of his own mother, who appeared against him. In prison these recalcitrants were forced to listen to sermons each Sunday.

In 1817, less than a century ago, Sir Montague Burke was hanged into court to explain why he had neglected his religious duties. The prosecution failed because the defendant proved that he had been indisposed.

Rigid Sunday observance in England began during the reign of Edward, in the tenth century, when the Sabbath day was ordained to be kept holy from 5 o'clock of Saturday afternoon until sunrise on Monday. The most innocent actions were condemned, and death was the extreme penalty for a continued violation of the law. About three centuries ago Parliament passed a law imposing a fine of one shilling for remaining away from church on Sunday, unless some good excuse were forthcoming. This act remained in effect until comparatively recent times, and inability or unwillingness to pay the fine resulted in a prison sentence.

Little Facts Worth Knowing.

For the first time a mummy has been found which was not covered by a mere coating of carbonate of sodium. It was discovered in Egypt, and is supposed to be six thousand years old.

Denver is planning to hold a world's fair six or eight years hence.

Gregory Rasputin, spiritualist medium, is said still to control Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

India passed laws governing ships in 1911 before any ships had entered the country.

Water is sold by the town at Pernambuco, Brazil. It is piped from springs eight miles out from the city, and it is furnished to ships at 51 cents a ton within the harbor.

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I CAN'T explain why I did not tell Jane I had lunched with Miss Reese, and the reason for my doing so. I certainly had nothing to hide; but, not having done so, I hesitated to introduce the subject. Jane also said nothing more until the next morning, when she passed me my coffee at breakfast she remarked: 'When I telephoned you yesterday they told me you had just gone out with Miss Reese.'"

"Yes, I met her in the hall and asked her to wait and let me see you for a little while. You remember I told you I was going to ask her to be my office nurse," I parried, saying nothing of lurching with her.

"Jane laughed, rather constrainedly. I thought, 'Miss Reese is most attractive,' then changing the subject, she again made it easy for me not to mention that Miss Reese and I had lunched together."

"It would do you good to take John back with you, wouldn't it? I told her, wondering if my expenses wouldn't run up faster than I could meet them, 'you need out-door exercise.' 'So long as you can afford an expensive nurse in the office, there is no reason why I shouldn't have the help I need in the house. I've engaged the girl, and if she is competent I shall keep her,' with an air of finality I had learned not to combat."

"Well, I suppose I shall manage it somehow."

"You usually get what you want, Jane," I laughed.

"When it is something that doesn't count—like a servant, yes, she replied quietly. 'Why shouldn't I? I get nothing else.'"

"What do you mean? What is there you want that you do not have?" "Well, perhaps I don't want it so badly as I used to; but I got none of your society, no attention, no consideration. I am isolated, the subject of your child, but that is all, and that being all I intend to have all the help I need for both the house and the child. When I treat a man as a companion, as a human being whose wishes were sometimes of consequence, why that would be a different matter, but I never am."

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, I guess," I replied, annoyed; "don't let me up for me, I shall be late."

Jane, deliberately controlling her emotions as usual, made no reply, although I could see one trembling on her lips. I said no more, but left the house.

"Hello, Butterworth," I heard a voice call, and turning, saw Mr. Prentice hurrying to catch up with me.